Perelandra

number 67 FEBRUARY

A King and His Three Daughters

by Horace Walpole

There was formerly a king, who had three daughters--that is, he would have had three, if he had had one more, but some how or other the eldest never was born. She was extremely handsome, had a great deal of wit, and spoke French in perfection, as all the authors of that age affirm, and yet none of them pretend that she ever existed. It is very certain that the two other princesses were far from beauties; the second had a strong Yorkshire dialect, and the youngest had bad teeth and but one leg, which occasioned her dancing very ill.

As it was not probable that his majesty would have any more children, being eighty-seven years. two months, and thirteen days old, when his queen died, the states of the kingdom were very anxiou to have the princesses married. But there was one great obstacle to this settlement, though so important to the peace of the kingdom. The king insisted that his eldest daughter should be married first, and as there was no such person, it was very difficult to fix upon a proper husband for her. The courtiers all approved his majesty's resolution; but as under the best princes there will always be a number of discontented, the nation was torn into different factions, the grumbler or patriots insisting that the second princess was the eldest, and ought to be declared heiress apparent to the crown. Many pamphlets were written pro and con, but the ministerial party pretended that the chancellor's argument was unanswerable, who affirmed, that the second princess could not be the eldest, as no princess-royal ever had a Yorkshire accent. A few persons who were attached to the youngest princess, took advantage of this plea for whispering that her royal highness's pretensions to the crown were the best of all; for as there was no eldest princess, and as the second must be the first, if there was no first, and as she could not be the second if she was the first, and as the chancellor had proved that she could not be the first, it followed plainly by every idea of law that she could be nobody at all; and then the consequence followed of cours that the youngest must be the eldest, if she had no elder sister.

It is inconceivable what animosities and mischiefs arose from these different titles; and each faction endeavoured to strengthen itself by foreign alliances. The court party having no real object for their attachment, were the most attached of all, and made up by warmth for the want of foundation in their principles. The clergy in general were devoted to this, which was styled the first party. The physicians embraced the second; and the lawyers declared for the third, or the faction of the youngest princess, because it seemed best calculated to admit of doubts and endless litigation.

While the nation was in this distracted situation, there arrived the prince of Quifferiquimini, who would have been the most accomplished hero of the age, if he had not been dead, and had spoken any language but the Egyptian, and had not had three legs. Notwithstanding these blemishes, the eyes of the whole nation were immediately turned upon him, and each party wished to see him marrie to the princess whose cause they espoused.

The old king received him with the most distinguished honours; the senate made the most fulsome addresses to him; the princesses were so taken with him, that they grew more bitter enemies than ever; and the court ladies and petit-maitres invented a thousand new fashions upon his account--every thing was to be à la Quifferiquimini. Both men and women of fashion left off rouge to look more cadaverous; their cloaths were embroidered with hieroglyphics, and all the ugly characters they could gather from Egyptian antiquities, with which they were forced to be content, it being impossible to learn a language that is lost; and all tables, chairs, stools, cabinets and couches, were made with only three legs; the last, however, soon went out of fashion, as being very inconvenient.

The prince, who, ever since his death, had had but a weakly constitution, was a little fatigued with this excess of attentions, and would often wish himself at home in his coffin. But his greatest difficulty of all was to get rid of the youngest princess, who kept hopping after him wherever he went, and was so full of admiration of his three legs, and so modest about having but one herself, and so inquisitive to know how his three legs were set on, that being the best nature man in the world, it went to his heart whenever in a fit of peevishness he happened to drop an impatient word, which never failed to throw her into an agony of tears, and then she looked so ugly that it was impossible for him to be tolerably civil to her. He was not much more inclined to the second princess--In truth, it was the eldest who made the conquest of his affections: and so violently did his passion increase one Tuesday morning, that breaking through all prudential considerations (for there were many reasons which ought to have determined his choice in favor of either of the other sisters) he hurried to the old king, acquainted him with his love, and demanded the eldest princess in marriage. Nothing could equal the joy of the good old monarch, who wished for nothing but to live to see the consummation of this match. Throwing his arms about the prince-skeleton's neck and watering his hollow cheeks with warm tears, he granted his request, and added, that he would immediately resign his crown to him and his favourite daughter.

I am forced for want of room to pass over many circumstances that would add greatly to the beauty of the history, and am sorry I must dash the reader's impatience by acquainting him, that notwithstanding the eagerness of the old king and youthful ardour of the prince, the nuptials were obliged to be postponed; the archbishop declaring that it was essentially necessary to have a dispensation from the pope, the parties being related within the forbidden degrees; a woman that never was, and a man that had been, being deemed first cousins in the eye of the canon law.

Hence arose a new difficulty. The religion of the Quifferiquiminians was totally opposite to that of the papists. The former believed in nothing but grace; and they had a high-priest of their own, who pretended that he was master of the whole fee-simple of grace, and by that possession could cause every thing to have been that never had been, and could prevent every thing that had been from ever having been. "We have nothing to do," said the prince to the king, "but to send a solumn embassy to the high-priest of grace, with a present of a hundred thousand million of ingots, and he will cause your charming no-daughter to have been, and will prevent my having died, and then there will be no occasion for a dispensation from your old fool at Rome." --"How! thou impious, atheistical bag of drybones,"cried the old king; "dost thou profane our holy religion? Thou shalt have no daughter of mine, thou three-legged skeleton--Go and be buried and be damned, as thou must be; for as thou art dead, thou art past repentance: I would sooner give my child to a baboon, who has one leg more than thou hast, than bestow her on such a reprobate corpse "You had better give your one-legged infanta to the baboon, said the prince, they are fitter for one another. As much a corpse as I am, I am preferable to nobody; and who the devil would have married your no-daughter, but a dead body! For my religion, I lived and died in it, and it is no in my power to change it now if I would--but for your part--" A great shout interrupted this dialogue, and the captain of the guard rushing into the royal closet, acquainted his majesty, that the second princess, in revenge of the prince's neglect, had given her hand to a drysalter, who was a common-council-man, and that the city, in consideration of the match, ahd proclaimed the king and queen, allowing his majesty to retain the title for his life, which they had fixed for the term of six months; and ordering, in respect of his royal birth, that the prince should immediately lie in state and have a pompous funeral.

This revolution was so sudden and so universal, that all parties approved, or were forced to seem to approve it. The old king died the nest day, as the courtiers said, for joy; the prince of Quifferiquimini was buried in spite of his appeal to the law of nations; and the youngest princess went distracted, and was shut up in a madhouse, calling out day and night for a husband with three legs.

Perelandra

Welcome to the 67th issue of Perelandra, an amateur monthly magazine of romantic fantasy and cynicism. This is the Chinese New Year edition (4988, the Year of the Snake), edited by Pete Gaughan (3105 East Park Row #132, Arlington TX 76010; 817-633-3208). Subscriptions to Pere cost $12 for 12 issues but lately it seems quite a few folks are happy to sign up, so the price must not be a big issue: circulation is, for only the second time in the zine's 6½-year life, over 60. Kilroy was never here, though.

HII'MFROMTHEGOVERNMENTANDI'MHERETOHELPYOU

Literary Quiz

Well, ask a familiar question and get familiar answers:
LAST MONTH WE ASKED:
(Q49A): William Sidney Porter wrote a short story, which has enjoyed enduring popularity, that represented the spirit of Christmas giving. What is the story, and what is Porter's better-known name?

Eric Brosius, Ed Wrobel, Greg Ellis, Rod Walker, Brian Hogan, and Russ Blau all knew that O. Henry was a pseudonym for Porter, who lived in Austin for many years as a bank employee (Greg says there's a museum for him there)...but nobody mentioned that he wrote "The Gift of the Magi" while in federal penitentiary in Ohio for embezzlement. Russ calls "Gift" 'one of the most frequently plagiarized plots in literature--just recently [he] saw the Sesame Street Christmas special in which Ernie, Bert and Mr. Hooper enacted a happy-ending version of the story.' (In the original, he sells his watch for a hair brush, and she cuts and sells her hair for a watch fob to give him.)

(Q53A): In keeping with parsimonious times, this compiler of quotations stated, à la Calvin Coolidge, "Christmas is over, and Business is Business." Who is this Scrooge? Rod recognized this as Franklin Pierce Adams, known simply as F.P.A. His column, called "The Conning Tower," appeared in several New York papers from 1913 to 1941. Matt Kazur guessed H.L. Mencken, an excellent shot as Mencken was an inveterate (anyone else know the root for that word?) lover of pithy quotes.

ANSWER THESE THIS MONTH, FOR A HALF-ISSUE EACH:
(RW3): According to legend, Sherlock Holmes spent his "lost years" living with Irene Adler in Montenegro. By her he was the father of a son, who later became a famous detective in a large city. The chief clue to his paternity is that his first and last names, like Holmes', contain only two vowels each, and the same two as Sherlock's. Who is this son, who is certainly every bit as eccentric as his father, and who penned the history of his cases?

(NW1): Where is the Forest of Vordue?

As usual in Literary Quiz, if at least one reader guesses and nobody gets the correct answer, the question-writer gets a one-issue prize. With this question, Rod reaches the limit and is retired to the Lit Quiz writers' Hall of Fame (so far, Mark Lew and Steve Emmert are the only other candidates for the Hall, each having written only one question).

And a newer feature in the Literary Quiz is the Not-So-Literary Quiz...helped out by James Early:
CINEMA QUIZ--name the movie these quotes came from.
Easy: "Game over, man!" This was Aliens, nobody tried it.
Hard: "I find that Tybalt cancels out Kappa Ferro, don't you?" Lance Anderson guessed "Love and Death", but Jason Bergmann was right with "The Princess Bride."
Next Month's Easy: "Talk to me, Goose." Hard: "Why you be gotta pull a knife on me? I be got no weapons!"

And, for no prize but glory, within 2 mph, what is the typical cruising speed of the Queen Elizabeth II? A note to all you Quiz players: You are much more likely to get credit if you include your quiz answers ON A SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER--even scratch paper--so I can file it under Quiz.

And a final note--boy, this is more Quiz than I've run in over a year--THE ANSWER TO NW1 IS IN THIS ISSUE SOMEWHERE!

Perelandra

LAKKDAROL

Downfall of The Lord of The Rings

1988GAts19:1988Vte--Afteryule II 3019

Empty West

Dwarves (Larry Botimer, 13833 NE 11th St. #3, Bellevue WA 98005): A Esgaroth-River Running, A Carnen-Iron Hills, A Forochel-Carn Dûm.

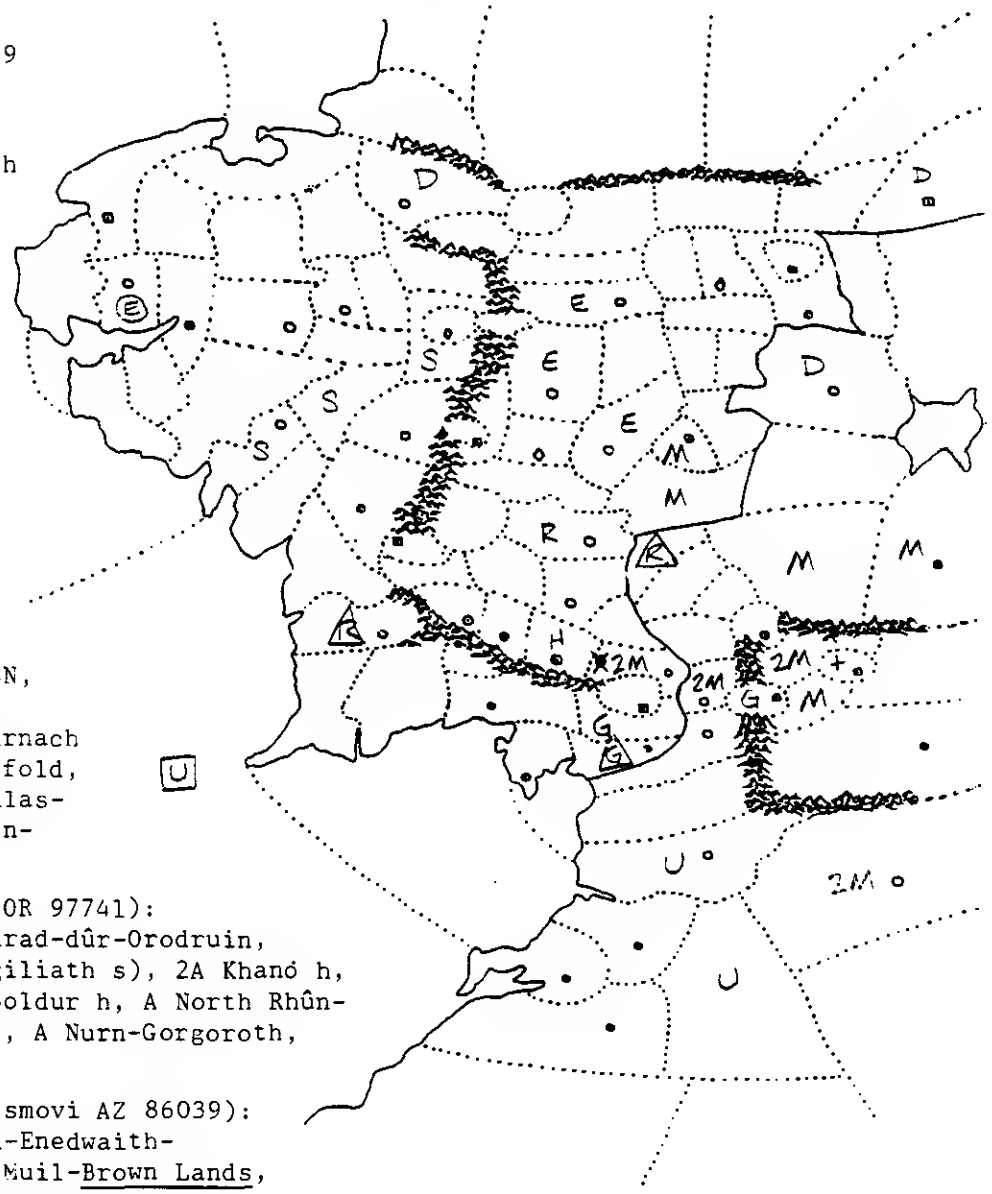
Elves (Jason Bergmann, Box 23780, Atlanta GA 30322): A High Pass-Gladden Fields, A Anduin-Dol Goldur, A Old Forest Road-Carrock, F Forlond holds.

Gandalf (Rob Wittmond, 4315 182nd St. #308, Torrance CA 90504):
R
Fe
Gandalf

Gondor (Lance Anderson, INSCOM, MI BN, PSF CA 94129): Faramir
A Anorien h (supported by A Lossarnach but must retreat to Entwash, Eastfold, Minas Tirith, or the box), C Anfalas-Lamedon-Lebennin, A South Ithilien-Minas Morgul.

Mordor (Chris Gabel, Box 92, Madras OR 97741): Sauron Barad-dûr unordered, 2A Barad-dûr-Orodruin, 2A North Ithilien-Anorien (2A Osgiliath s), 2A Khand h, A Wilderland-Brown Lands, A Dol Goldur h, A North Rhûn-South Rhûn, A South Rhûn-Dagorlad, A Nurn-Gorgoroth, Nazgul

Rohan (Brian Hogan, Box 41-22, Kykotsmovi AZ 86039): A West Emnet-Wold, C Gap of Rohan-Enedwaith-Druwaith Iaur, C East Emnet-Emyn Muil-Brown Lands, Herd Eastfold holds.



Saruman (Steve Newnham, 1215 Pismo Avenue, Los Osos CA 93402): Saruman
A Dunland-Greenway, A Greenway-Minhiriath, A Hollin-Rhudaur.

Umbar (Geoff Richard, NOW AT 306 W. Carson, Bryan TX 77801): A/F Bay of Belfalas-Southern Sea, A South Gondor mutual-support A Haradwaith.

There are quite a few rules questions this turn--we'll deal with them after the SC chart--but I would like to say that if you need an answer back before the turn, you better say so because otherwise I'll just respond with the adjudication. If you have trouble with the basic rules of Diplomac (since a couple of you are not Dipsters) call or write--for instance, I feel Steve might not have been aware that to own a center you have to be on it at the end of "Fall" turns ("II" turns in this game). Also, when you receive word that you are sharing a space with a hidden unit, you will not be told whence it came; and if you want to attempt its destruction you must order so ahead of time.

Perelandra

SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AFTER AFTERYULE II 3019 (and the colors I'm using to adjudicate on my map...)

Dwarves (red)	blu ere iro RRU CDM	had 3/has 5;	may build two
Elves (blue)	ekh gha iml lor FLD GLA AND CRK	4/8	may build four
Gandalf (grey)	holds no centers yet		
Gondor (white)	bel lam leb mit MMO	4/5	may build one*
Mordor (black)	bar ~~mmo~~ dgu nur srh udu off off off ANO OSG KHA .	9/12	may build three
Rohan (light green)	herd edo hde WOL DRU	3/5	may build two**
Saruman (yellow)	dun ise kdm MIN	3/4	may build one
Umbar (dark green)	cit hrd hav SGO	3/4	may build one

*Gondor may build two if A Anorien retreats off the board. **Rohan may build only one if A Anorien retreats to Eastfold.

neutrals: Bree, Hollin, The Shire, South Ithilien

Okay, rules first then press. 1. "Can C units move first phase, then support second phase?" They may support second phase, but since this takes place after all other normal movement they can only support other Cavalry in this situation. Cavalry may support once each turn, but if they are going to support a normal army it must be during first-phase.

2. "Does the Nazgul's power affect all units it is adjacent to?" No, it must be directed at one.
3. "Can the ring be found in the ocean?" Yes.
4. "Is there a supply center in Eastfold other than the Herd unit?" No, the supply center is wherever the Herd is. If a unit shares a space with the herd, then Rohan has one less home center open to build in.
5. "Can 2As and Cavalry be convoyed? Can Cavalry move in the same season it is convoyed?" Yes--but, again, note that the convoy would have to be first phase.
6. "If Rohan has 3 home centers open and 3 builds coming, may it build two Armies and one C, or just one C unit?" Two plus one--the best way to think of the limit is, divide Rohan's supply center count by 3, toss out any fraction, and the whole number left is the maximum number of Cavalry units Rohan may hold. If R has 8 centers, he can have two Cs and six As. "Can Rohan and Umbar build 'normal' armies with additional supply centers?" Yes. "If they acquire the necessary centers to build their special units (C or A/F) and then lose them, is the special unit disbanded?" No.
7. "If Rohan loses the Herd unit then regains it, is it a supply center?" Yes.
8. "Is there any other type of multiple unit, besides 2As, personality- or Nazgul-augmented units, or a Ring-augmented unit?" Not that I can think of.
9. "Do units retreat before or after Cavalry second moves?" After.
10. "When the Easterling armies are annihilated, must Sauron rebuild them in Mordor and Dol Guldur, instead of off the board?" Right: home centers for M are bar mmo dgu nur srh and udu.
11. "Is the Umbar A/F a multiple unit?" Oh, I get it...No, it has single strength.
12. "Garrisons: A Dwarf unit is Erebor, Blue Mtns, or Iron Hills is in effect a 2A, right?" Yes, but notice which spaces garrison which powers--these centers, plus the others in rule 5.s.i and 5.a.ii, add one to the strength of ANY unit there. This is the Fortress effect. The Garrison effect is power-specific (Iron Hills is a Dwarf Garrison until it is defeated by a multiple attack by some power other then the Dwarves; after the occupation, it is still a Fortress [which may help the invaders] but never again a Garrison).
13. "Is a non-Saruman unit accompanied by Gandalf into Khazad-dûm destroyed?" Yes. "Is the R or Fe units' chance for survival any higher if accompanied by Gandalf?" No. "Why can't Saruman kill the Balrog?" Well, that gets into text interpretation. The Balrog was beholden to S at one time, but is far too powerful for him now.
14. "If someone occupies Nenuial, can Gandalf still build a Ranger unit there?" Yes. "Can the second R unit do the Edoras thing also?" Yes.

AND NOW, THE PRESS!

Erebor to Elven Halls: The Dark Lord has offered me the realm of Morgoth as mine, which I think is pretty reasonable. So while I wander off into the wastes of Carn Dûm you keep an eye on Dol Guldur.

Elves to Dwarves: Listen, stonecutter, just stay in the mountains and out of the woods, and everything will go just fine. Take note of this little bit of history which you might not want to

see repeated:

> When the Wood-elves captured them, the Dwarves were led over the bridge, up a stair cutting through the steep bank, across a grassy terrace through the great gates that "closed by magic," and down twisting passages to Thranduil's great hall. As they refused to tell the Elvenking their purpose, they were imprisoned in "twelve cells" in different parts of the palace. (Fonstad, The Atlas of Middle Earth, 1981, p107)

Erebor to Isengard: I seek only the return of my ancient fastness of Khazad-dûm. Return it to me and the Dwarves are your sworn allies.

Gandalf to Saruman: So kind of you to wish to visit my hobbit friend. "Sharky." Too bad they have other plans.

Elrond to Saruman: Stay south, lord of the istari, or we may have another Battle of Bywater on our hands.

From the three good rings to the loser of the one: Go on, move out of Dol Guldur, I dare you. And you thought that elves always told the truth.

Erebor to Barad-dûr: I know how to deal with axe-wielding Easterlings, you Ring-grabber. The memory of the Dwarves knows no fading and we remember the torment of our father in the dungeons of Dol Guldur.

Barad-dûr: (sigh)...Already Gondor's swords and mail rattle at the doors of Minas Morgul. What have I done to merit such treatment? Surely Middle-Earth will see this Numenorian rabble for what it is. Why do they seek such destruction? They call for justice--but what do they give? Only pain and suffering, and what do they offer for your assistance? Hollow words, empty promises, while you send your sons to the hardships of war.

Galadriel speaks into her well, and Sauron, trying to tune in play-by-play battle results from Southern Mirkwood on his transistor palantir, picks up the message loud and clear: "May the droppings of a thousand birds coat your eyes with a grimy film, and fill your nose with the most putrid odor."

Elves to Valinor: Is that a little more elegant for you?

Valinor to Elves: Eloquent! Eloquent!

Erebor to Valinor: I don't trust a gm who makes himself an elflord from across the sea! A bit pretentious if you ask me.

Thranduil to Gimli: I do hope that we will be able to carry out the plans of the recently deceased Dwarven king, involving the work of the Free Peoples, not the enslaved. Make meat of the easterlings with your dwarved axes, and my archers will make Mirkwood into the Greenwood that it once was.

Erebor to Edoras: I understand you want to turn Helm's Deep into a Dwarf Fortress. I'll send help as soon as possible.

Celeborn to Theoden: The riders are one season's move from the assault on Dol Guldur, it would certainly be easy enough to send them that way--hinthint.

Denethor to Theoden: Be of good cheer, Gondor stands firm against the foul orc hordes but your assistance will be needed.

Erebor to Minas Tirith: The Dwarves trust not the mind of Denethor and fear he will become yet another enemy as the men of Carn Dûm were in the past. The Lord of the Nazgul is but a shade to evil might of Gondor if the Ring were in your keeping. The Dwarves trust only those of the north.

Erebor to Umbar: The Dwarves have no interest in your doings as long as the Blue Mountains remain unthreatened.

Umbar to Rohan: My oliphants would have made great cavalry. Unfortunately, we had to eat them all while we waited for this campaign to start! It takes a lot to feed an army.

Gondor to Umbar: I am watching your fleet with interest--depending on its course perhaps we can cooperate to keep the western shore orc-free.

Elves to Umbar: Keep the pressure on, the fleet will be down to join you in a few more moves.

Valinor to any kibitzers out there: Scorecard! Get'cher scorecard here! Can't tell the warriors without a scorecard! Only fifteen dollars for the whole trilogy, the Hobbit, and even the Silmarillion! Lost Tales just two dollars apiece!

Perelandra

MAGRATHEA

Once again, here's your roster. This time, orders are due; send Spring 1901 orders before the deadline on the back cover.

Austria: Richard Pinelli 6606 North Glenwood Chicago IL 60626
England: Jim Diehl 10530 West Riverview Drive Eden Prairie MN 55347
France: Tim Stark 605 West Doyle Granbury TX 76048
Germany: Karl Hoffman Box 8776 Allentown PA 18105
Italy: Gary Behnen 13101 South Trenton Olathe KS 66062
Russia: Guy Hail 911 Blanco #208 Austin TX 78703
Turkey: John Crosby 9031 Cardiff Road Richmond VA 23236

Also, I neglected to send codenames to the new players (see houserules)--this should be included with this issue. You will need them to phone in orders.

PRICEOFROCKSALTUSEDANNUALLYTODE-ICEU.S.ROADS:$300MILLION

NORTHPOINT

I messed up, and didn't catch it until it was time to adjudicate this turn. Since the error might affect your orders, and I cannot call everyone involved, I'm delaying the game. I have orders from all players, but these may be changed if you wish. The error was in the map, placing Turkey's fleet in the Aegean. The adjudication is correct--I remind you again that the map is a convenience ONLY, and that the printed moves are the official results--and Turkey has f smy instead. Send Winter 1905 **AND** Spring 1906 to me no later than the deadline printed on the back cover.

COSTOFROCKSALTINGROUNDWATERCONTAMINATION&ROAD/BRIDGELOSS:$15BILLION

GRAMARYE

GAMESTART (repeat of the flyer sent out last week)

British Rails

1. Tom Nash 5512 Pilgrim Road Baltimore MD 21214 has cards 32, 44, 112.
2. Bruce Linsey Box 1334 Albany NY 12201 has cards 6, 94, 52.
3. Conrad von Metzke 4374 Donald Avenue San Diego CA 92117 has cards 78, 34, 49.
4. Ed Wrobel 6204 Bardu Avenue Springfield VA 22152 has cards 76, 4, 22.
5. Eric Brosius 41 Hayward Street Milford MA 01757 has cards 27, 47, 120.
6. Craig Mills 3050 Old Highway 8, #120 Roseville MN 55113 has cards 96, 80, 87.
7. Jason Bergmann Box 23780 Atlanta GA 30322 has cards 77, 65, 26.

The blank city on card #91 is Cambridge (write it in on your copies) and coal is avaiable in Hull, though the map doesn't show it. Deadline for first-turn builds in this game is **26 February**.

A couple of notes on the houserules. The players who have already written are pretty clear on not wanting to use the optional rules, so they're out. They also say I should publish finances, and one of the reasons was finally enough to convince me: makes it easier to catch gm errors, and I'm happy to give you the opportunity to double-check me. And Bruce (518-452-3022) and Eric (508-473-0252) have asked that I publish their phone numbers.

It's now obvious that I assumed too much in not publishing my own set of mechanics. Look, folks once you institute a phase system, separating moves, builds, and cards, you leave only the extra-ordinary cases for a gm to decide. If you read the rules and write your orders and still don't know how I'll resolve the situation, let me know--I had no idea that Rail players were so exacting! Eric: "uprighting" is an apparatus whereby a player is forced to send orders during a turn he loses If a player has no other action planned for the lost turn (dumping cards, building, etc) he need nc send orders, and his train may proceed with his next turn.
Gentlemen: you need not use a whole set of photocopied forms each turn. The order forms are a con venience for me and you only, not a requirement. Out of space--more on next page:

Perelandra

On the order of play: I had planned on 1234567, 2345671, 3456712, etc, until everyone had been first once; then turning the order about-face as 7654321, 6543217, 5432176 etc. Since we have no lack of calculating types here, I'll let you tell me why this system is a failure before I try to devise another.

On the game name/number: If there is a recognized numbering system for rail games, I'll be glad to print the number for this (presumably something like BR-89-01, if Conrad's game is any indication). My file folder just says "Gramarye."

And for my own amusement: Your orders and G.O.s so far are quite clear. Let me define a term in advance, in the event I should need it later. "Track from hell" is any enclosed set of one player's rail which circles at least 20 mileposts. I've used this phrase, at one point or another, in every EB or BR I've played, so it's bound to come up here.

Don't get me wrong--I really don't mind, and in fact encourage, questions (and press!). But I was taken back by the quantity of material that accompanied the first orders...

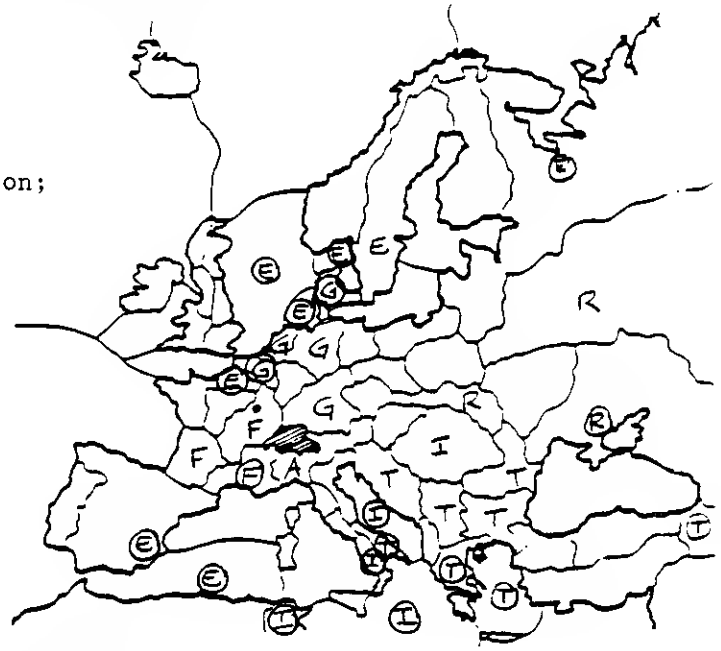
PERCENTAGEOFWORLD'SPRODUCTIVEHOURSWORKEDBYWOMEN: 47

ZEMBA Gunboat

1987APrb32:1988Z/ra ZEMBA: **Do the Funky Chicken**

Winter 1905: Austria removes a vie; England builds f lon; Germany removes a pie; Russia removes a ukr; Turkey builds f con.

SPRING 1906
Austria: a tyo-pie.
England: f stp/nc h, a swe-den, f nts-hel, f lon-nts (f ska s), f pic--bel, f por-spa/sc (f wes s).
France: a mar-bur (a gas s), f spa/sc-mar.
Germany: a ruh-hol, a mun-bur, f bel-nts (f den s (a kie s)), a bur-pic /retreat to par ruh otb/.
Italy: f ion-apu, f tun-ion (f nap s), a bud-tri (f adr s).
Russia: a gal-rum (f sev s (a mos s))
Turkey: f arm-sev (a rum s (a bul s)), f gre-ion (f apu s), f con-aeg, a tri s aus a tyo-ven /nso/.

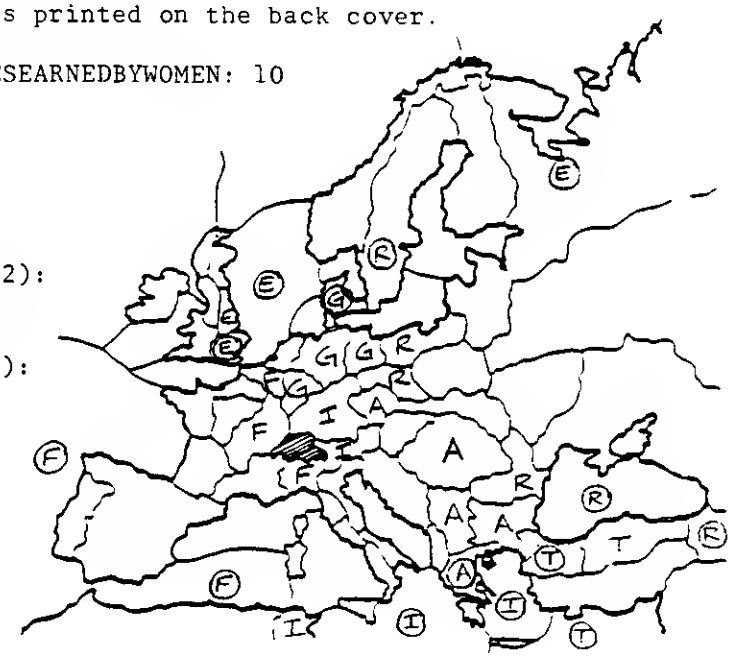


Deadline for Fall 1906--including German retreat--is printed on the back cover.

PERCENTAGEOFWORLD'SWAGESEARNEDBYWOMEN: 10

FOMALHAUT

1988CN FOMALHAUT: **Untrusting Souls**
Fall 1902
Austria (Jason Bergmann, Box 23780, Atlanta GA 30322): a alb-ser (a bud s), a ser-bul (rus a rum, f gre s), a boh s ita a mun.
England (Tim Stark, 605 W. Doyle, Granbury TX 76048): a edi-yor, f nwy-stp/nc, f nts s ger f hel-den, f lon h.
France (Tom Nash, 5512 Pilgrim Rd, Baltimore MD 21214): f eng-mid, f mid-wes, a mar-pie, a bur-bel (a pic s).
Germany (John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Road, Richmond VA 23236): f hel-den, a ruh-mun (a ber s (a kie s)).



Perelandra

Italy (Vince Lutterbie--note new address--1021 South Stonehaven, Marshall MO 65340): a mun s rus a pru-ber (a tyo s, aus a boh s), a tun-smy (f ion & aeg c).
Russia (Jim Nickel, 429 E. Columbia St., Falls Church VA 22046): f sev-arm (f bla s), a pru-ber (a sil & ita a mun s), f swe-den, a rum s aus a ser-bul.
Turkey (Mark Lilleleht, Box 3166, Charlottesville VA 22903): retreats f aeg-eas; f eas-smy, f con ms a bul /a bul ann/, a arm-ank.

Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1902

Austria	vie tri bud ser gre BUL	5/6	may build one
England	lon lvp edi nwy STP	4/5	may build one
France	par bre map spa por BEL	5/6	may build one
Germany	ber kie hol ~~Ø~~ ~~Ø~~ DEN	4/4	even
Italy	ven rom nap tun mun	5/5	even
Russia	~~Ø~~ ~~Ø~~ ~~Ø~~ war mos sev swe rum	6/5	must remove one
Turkey	con ank smy ~~Ø~~ ~~Ø~~	4/3	even

Winter 1902 and Spring 1903 are due to me by the **deadline** on the back cover.

Gentlemen, this turn, for some reason, seemed somewhat more complicated than usual; I checked my adjudication three times (the fact that I have a head cold could be related to this). So please notify me quickly if you uncover an error

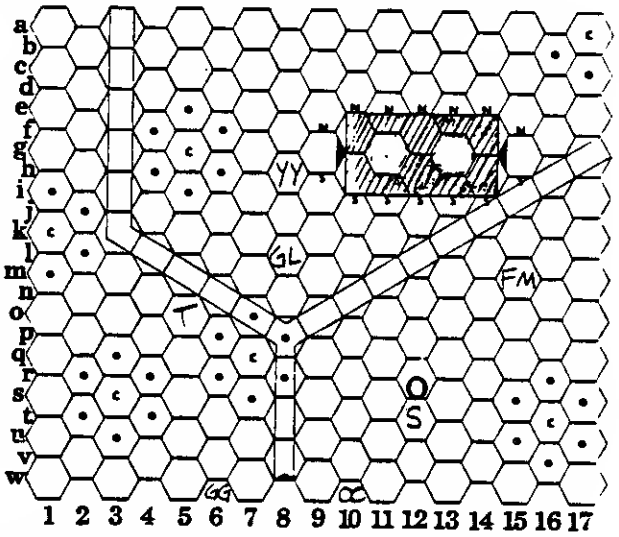
Paris to London: Welcome to the game. Guess you've gotten quite a welcome from the crew (like "Hi. Stab this guy for me, OK?").
England to everyone else: After extremely trying times on these islands, a new and good-looking royal dude has assumed leadership of this "Land of the Eng." As my first royal decision, I have moved my royal seat to a cozy pub in Soho, just to get in touch with the pulse of the nation. We all generally agree that any attempt to overthrow this new government would be extremely rude, especially if the offensive person is French.
Paris to Constantinople: Will this press see the light of day before the much-awaited and oft-fabled Scribblerist #7? C'mon, Mark, even Alan Stewart's gotten out a Praxis since you started publishing this one!
Constantinople to Paris: Yeah, Nash, just keep it up. You'll be out of TS before you can say "The Cure is a kick-ass group." Just one question: how can TS be a self-aggrandizing publication on par with BT,DT when it comes out so infrequently?
Vienna to Constantinople: Intellectual giants? You can't be. Not and lower yourself to publishing that tabloid you write (or don't write depending on your ski schedule). And me an intellectual giant? Would you believe that the only reason I sub to the tabloid is for the subzine?
Irishman to Fomalhaut: Whew. A few sharks out there today...
Turk to Austrian: Readings? Hah, I've got enough to do as things stand right now. Anyway, I'm not talking to you anymore!
Vienna to Mr. Geneva Protocol: So is this the average attrition rate? Two people in three seasons? Why don't the ones that affect me resign without leaving orders to cover them?
Turkey to Board: Hep me, hep me! I be stabbed by Wicked Willy and all his cwonies! Gee, that really did hurt. Give you my plans, wearing a smile of trust on my face; then, boom! Well, I won't just run away from this game, no sir! Don't make it any easier, though. Of course, diplomatic correspondence is a lot simpler to write: "You dirty, lying, scummy piece of freeze-dried horsie poop...." etc.
Vienna to Paris: I dropped it in October, making me the sixth player to drop out of the game. The seventh, of course, emerged as the winner. As for joining you, I'm working on it. The quick deadlines were a bit much work for me to keep up with.
Mark to Jason: Oh, sure, try to rationalize your way out of responsibility for the treacherous act you perpetrated. Grrrr! Whatever happened to student solidarity? I guess you "pure" scientists are too far above us social scientists to even consider cooperative action with us. And one more thing: underline **THIS**!
Vienna to Italy: Whoops, so you have problems telling the difference between an A and an F? I'll explain the former, and we'll let the Turk fill you in on what an F is.
Italy to France: C'mon, Tom, nobody broke your arm or stole your pen--I understand, though, cause I've Been There & Done That too.
Paris to Rome: Stiff me on "Floss Daily," will ya? You'll be sorry!
Irishman to Fomalhaut: Vince's new phone number is 816-886-7354.

The Melnibonė Herald

#22

QUWHON Snowball Fighting

ASF7, turn four: **The 28% Solution**



Segment One: Frost Monkey, way off on the east side, sets up a double-whammy by collecting Snowballs; Goosey Lucy, in the middle of the field, pounds out a Dirigible, and up north Yuppie Yeti picks up two weapons of his own. But the others are up in arms; Oliver Cool slides south to be closer to the door and Turtle helps him along, by nailing OC with a Rattlesnake [85,25]. Slush and Goose Gossage trade close-range shots around the snowman, Slush dropping a Wise Hammer [70,56] and Goose unleashing a high-scoring Dirigible on Slush [80,70].

Segment Two: The first two victims of frostbite are identified, as Slush beans the Goose with another Wise Hammer [95,01] and Goosey Lucy scores hit on Oliver Cool [85,69]. Both players head for the kitchen to warm up and dry out. In the meantime, Frost Monkey decides to take action to correct his miserable point total by attacking Slush [rr: 95,98] but fails. Why did the Turtle cross the path? To pick up another Snowball. And Yuppie Yeti fails to provide the coup de grace by missing a Rattler on Oliver's neck [95,100].

Segment Three: I'm sorry--Oliver doesn't actually start running for cover until this segment. Seg. 2 he picked up a Dirigible, and now he heaves it at Goosey Lucy [80,53], leaving GL as the next probable dropout. The Monkey isn't having any of it though, but he still can't hit the side of an Oliver in broad daylight [85,86]; Yuppie Yeti finally does smack Cool to send him off [95,07]. Turtle attacks Lucy also, and like the Monkey, misses [98,100], while Lucy and Slush stack up some more ammo.

Deadline for Turn Five is **6 March 1989.** Send 'em to Pete. Gossage sits out all of Turn Five; Cool runs inside on Segment One, sits out the rest of the Turn AND Segment One of Turn Six before he comes back outside.

Standings after Turn Four	vp	hp	ammo left
Frost Monkey (at M15).....	2	8	none
Goose Gossage (kitchen).....	5	0	none
Goosey Lucy (L8).....	7	1	dirigible
Oliver Cool (N8).....	10	0	none
Slush (T12).....	7	4	2 snow's
Turtle (C5).....	5	9	none
Yuppie Yeti (S8).....	5	6	none

Yuppie Yeti to yard: Have youse guys figured out yet dat it ain't easy to inspecs ma Guccis widout gettin' snow in yer eye? Stand off, will ya? Youse parks wid'in two spaces an' ya gets a maniac attack tron'n at ya. See?

Slush to GG: Truce? Let's go bash someone else!

GG to Yard: Have any of you noticed that Ollie hasn't missed? When I get back out of the kitchen (am I in the kitchen yet?) I plan on getting OC. Will I have any help?

Turtle to GG: Howsa that?
Slush to Turtle: C'mon, join the party.
Yeti to Slush: I do not live in Montana. Close, though. Try again. As for you trying to make me think you live in NY, come now!!! Dorothy and Toto would be ashamed of you!!!!!!
Yuppie Yeti to Ollie (of the) North: To repeat a phrase you coined, "Take that--and that--and my lawyers will see you in court, but only if the President will release the documents!"
GL to Uncle Pete: OC's picking on me again!
SnowMaster to Lucy: Not for the next few segments, he isn't...
YY to Lucy: I'll play house only if you make it blizzard-proof.
SM to YY: I guess he gave up on the Snow Fort idea.
GL to YY: My dog throws snow like you but she's trying to cover up her accidents.
Slush to Loose Goose: Are you calling OC a rectum?
Yup to Ollie: Your turn is coming. In fact, here's a token or two of my esteem.
YY to FM: There's action galore around here. What are you doing out all by your lonesome over there, playing with yourself?
FM to Williams and Olsen: You two jerks need lobotomies. Let me get my chainsaw.
Slush to Frosted Brass Monkey: The closer you get, yech! What is that smell?
YY to FM: The only gas I got came from GL's chili!!! Lucky we didn't have any before this snowball fight started [[Then what does Slush smell?]], or else there'd be no snow for us to toss!
GG to Slush: Who taught you to throw a snowball?!?
Slush to Pete: Tell me GG has to go inside.
Pete to Slush: GG has to go inside. [I'm putty in his hands, I guess.]
YY to Slush: You get the beanies, and GL gets the weinies! Me, I get the canapés. Make sure the wine is dry, will ya?
GL to SM: Why's everybody always hitting on me?
SnowMaster to GL: Goes back to all those Turtle rumors, I guess.
Turtle to Yard: Good lord, what is this? Oh, yeah, let's-just-verbally-beat the-hell-out-of-Turtle. After all, he doesn't have any feelings. It's not like Turtle feels the barbed tongue as acutely as anyone else. What's more, I don't appreciate all of the innuendo regarding my sexual preferences. Hell, I'm only seven years old!
FM to Turtle: And you're the Ugly Kid poster child.
GG to SM: What kind of California flakes did you let into the game?
Yuppie to Gang: I ain't going anywhere, so start chucking that snow! I will be doing the same.
SM to GG: Masochistic ones, apparently. But why flakes?
GG to SM: Flakes is all they've been raisin in Southern Cal!
GL to GG: Definitive press? More like a cry in the dark.
T to Lucy: Come on, come on, come on. Please! I've got a rep to keep up!
Yeti to Him-Who-Goes-Yeti-Hunting: Don't look now, but it isn't only a Yeti you have to deal with, as if that wasn't quite enough!!!
FM to OC and GG: Cool, totally cool.
Slush to OC: You're not just a-quacking about Lucey Goosey!
Yeti to Slush: OK, so I'll hit you with integrated snow, not black or white or yellow. Fair enough? I'll just put this rock in the middle, and...
Too Totally Turtlish to Williams: Ha, ha, you can't get me! I know where you live. I've got tapes of you doing obscene things with that sword. Maybe that's why you've got such a high voice.
Slush to Turtle: Giants over Cubs in 6 in the NL Championships?
Dear God, part 37: Could you put a bit of the mud GG has been throwing at you on the bottom of your percentile dice? I could use a few good shots myself, outgoing, not incoming if you please.

Perelandra

SESERRAS MAGNA

1988CH, SPRING 1902: **I Need Somebody**

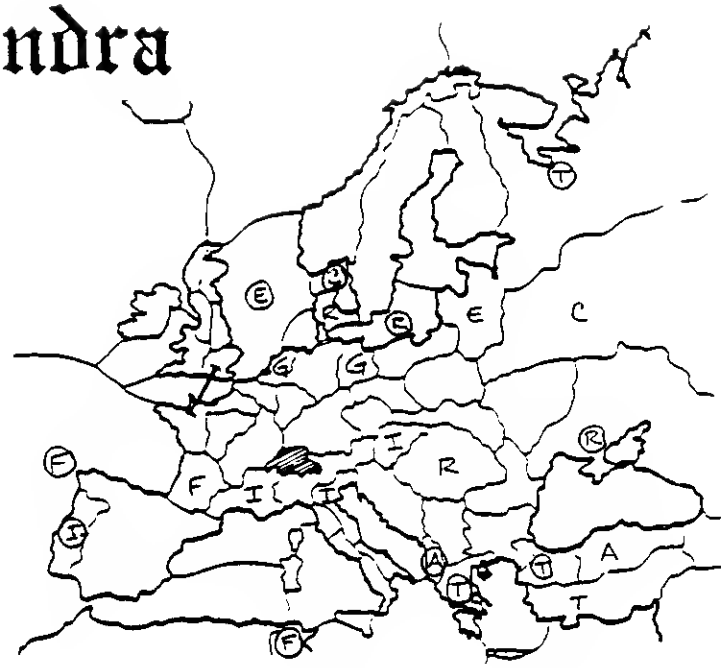
Austria (James Early, 3500 Greystone Dr #255, Austin TX 78731): a gal-boh, a rum-ukr (tur a sev s), f gre s tur f con-aeg, a vie-tyo (a tri s).
England (Jim Diehl, 10530 W. Riverview Dr., Eden Prairie MN 55347): f lon-nts, a bel h (f eng s), f edi-nwg, f nwy s rus f bot-swe.
France (Larry Botimer, 13833 NE 11th St. #3, Bellevue WA 98005): a mar-bur (a par s), a spa-gas, f por-mid, a tyo-mun /pie otb/.
Germany (Lance Anderson, INSCOM Mi Bn, PSF CA 94129): a mun-boh, f swe h /ska den bal fin otb/, f kie-hel, a bur-bel /pic ruh otb/ (a hol s).
Italy (Stuart Lange, 904 Fox Chase Lane, Riverdale GA 30296): f ion-eas, f nap-ion, a tun & a ven h.
Russia (Kathy Caruso, 29-10 164th St., Flushing NY 11358 BUT it appears she's moving and mail may be sent c/o Steve Arnawoodian, 602 Hemlock Circl Lansdale PA 19446): f bot-swe (eng f nwy s), a lvn-mos, a war-ukr.
Turkey (John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Rd., Richmond VA 23236): f con-aeg (aus f gre s), f smy-eas, a bul-rum, a sev s aus a rum-ukr (f bla s).

Deadline for Fall 1902 (including F & G retreats) is on the back cover. Press:

Austria to France: Go home! Go home! Go home!
Austria to England: Attack St. Pete, get a war!!
England to France and Germany: Attack my Belgium and England sides with the other side.
KK to Jimbo: You don't even like Vodka--but you could drown yourself with all the bourbon they have in Sweden.
Austria to Russia: Nice of you to carry on your predecessor's tradition of not writing!
Katie to Rin Tin: Didn't you know!? Melinda & I have every standby list in the country covered, that way we can get in your games and bash away--you mangy old mutt!
Germany to France: Gee, you mean we aren't at war yet? What does it take?
London to Berlin: Now why did Germany start a naval race with England?
Russia to Turkey: I think I'm going to be sick.
Russia to Austria: You got a death wish, or are you just a dope?
Lance to Stuart: Can I count on your help to meet the threat from the west?
Austria to France: 1) re France to Turkey last season: He doesn't need your help against me, thank you. You can go home now.
2) re France to Russia: If you really want her to get stomped, why don't you go home?
Russia to Germany: I'll teach you to ignore me!
Austria to Germany: This is by no means an attack on you. I just wanted to prevent France from entering Bohemia. If I was really attacking you, I would have moved A Rum-Gal.
KK to Jimbo: Well, do we bounce or do we cuddle?!
England to Russia: Consolidate in the north.
Austria to Italy: This is also not an attack on you.
Granny to Pops: My stay might be short--but I'll leave my mark (at least in the press I can stomp on 'em!).

Perelandra

GLOME Deviant



1988Ar:1988GBrs32--GLOME SPRING 1905

Houses Divided Multiply

dying of plague: Austria a tri, Eire* f nwy, France a ruh & a mar, Italy f nap, Russia a sev, f swe & a war, Turkey a gre.

Austria (Greg Ellis, 707 Rio Grande, Austin TX 78701): f alb s a tri beaming to gre /nsu/, a ank-con; Boz Skaggs, Lowdown.

Camelot (Bob Olsen, 6818 Winterberry Circle, Wichita KS 67226): a mos-stp, f ska-nwy, a lon h /ann/; Clan of Xymox, Xymox.

Eire (Don Williams, 1521 W. Avenue J-8 #163, Lancaster CA 93534): f nts-bel, a lvn s rus a sev-mos /nsu/; Alan Parsons Project, Turn of a Friendly Card.

France (Jim Burgess, 100 Holden St., Providence RI 02908): f bre-mid, a par-gas, f tun h; The Primitives, "Crash."

Germany (J.R. Baker, 512 Snipes, St. Charles MO 63303): a hol-bel, a mun-ber, f kie beams to lon /ann/; Mouth and McNeal, "Why Did You, Why?", "I Almost Lost My Mind," "Remember," and "How Do You Do?"

Italy (Tom Nash, 5512 Pilgrim Road, Baltimore MD 21214): a vie melts tri, f por s f nap beaming to spa/sc /nsu/, a ven h, a pie-mar; Laurie Anderson, "Home of the Brave."

Russia (Russ Blau, 9023 Lake Braddock Dr, Burke VA 22015): a bud h, f rum-sev, a den s f swe /nsu f bal s a den; The Who, Baba O'Reilly, and Elton John, Funeral for a Friend/Love Lies Bleeding

Turkey (Mark Lew, 438 Vernon #103, Oakland CA 94610): f aeg-con (f smy s), f ion-gre, f stp-nwy; Holst, The Planets.

Voting	yes	- no	= net
#60--Boob Punctured!	3		3
#61--Poetry	3	1	2
#62--Home Centers	3		3
#63--Random Rules	12		12
#64--Nightmare	3	5	-2
#65--Air Forces	2		2

RULES NOW IN EFFECT: Playlist, "No" Votes, Tunnel, Anti-Titan, Transporter Beam, Plagues, English Civil War, and Random Rules.

*EIRE: Note that this is the name of the country; Erin is the adjectival form (as is French to France) and Erse is the name of the language.

THE CURRENT ADJUDICATION ALGORITHM looks like this: retreats from previous season; randomly selec units to die of Plague; adjudicate regular moves; adjudicate beams; enact a Random Rule if this was a Fall turn, then adjust supply center counts. RULING: rules which are reproposed still have only the same chance of being enacted by Random Rules (reproposing a rule does NOT make it more likely it will be selected). In order to reflect this, I am adjusting the rule numbers to re-use numbers for re-proposed rules...

#41--WHO SHOT J.R.? Each active player must submit an accusation each Winter, Spring, Summer or Fall season that answers the question, "Who shot J.R.?" Failure to submit an accusation turns that player's units into German units. Each season a German unit is "shot" (disbanded) by the gm at random. The person, animal, hamster-molester, other animate object, or Don Williams that is named in the most accusations is immediately eliminated from the Deviant game. No rule may modify or rescind this elimination. All his units are eliminated; supply centers owned by the

---

Very late addition: we have a proposal to concede to "all players having 11 or more letters in their names as they appeared in the game report in P #66." Vote with orders, please.

eliminated player become neutral. In case of ties, joint culpability among all the tied accused causes them all to be eliminated. Any active player who failed to vote at least half of their votes for this rule has all of their units turn German. If there are no German units to be shot J.R. is assumed to have each of his fingers and toes shot off, one each turn. Once J.R. has all of his fingers and toes shot off, the whole rule change and subsequent seasons of play are considered to have been a dream and we return to the moment in the game when this rule was enacted and no futher rule may be enacted that eliminates players. (Note: if J.R. himself is eliminated from the game his fingers and toes are not affected.)

#58--LIVING DEAD. Any units killed by plague do not disband, instead they become the un-dead units of Don Williams. Un-dead units do not require supply centers (or supplies). In the event that these units receive normal orders (to advance or support) two times in a row, the gm must call some other deadwood to take over the position. The un-dead can never win and never die, these units can only be disbanded when retreating, and disbanded un-dead units cannot be placed in the box, they must be relegated to the gm's anxiety closet.

#59--SUMMER BUILDS. Supply Center counts, charts, and adjustments are done in summer as well as in Winter.

#60--IRELAND. Ireland becomes a home supply center from the Eire player. The Ireland space is in all ways now a playable space.

#61--THREE-PART RULE. 1) The Balkan Empire: Austria's home centers are ser, gre, and bul for the remainder of the game; vie, bud, and tri are no longer home centers. (This rule does not affect ownership of these centers at the time of the vote.)

2) Whenever one player conquers all of another country's home centers, the conquerer may, at his option, adopt the conquered centers as his own home centers for the remainder of the game, in place of his original home centers.

3) There is no Part 3.

#62--SPEEDBOAT. Each season the gm accepts only the first four sets of orders submitted. Orders MUST be submitted by mail. If he gets sets 4 & 5 on the same day, he counts the one on top of the pile in his mail box. Once submitted, orders cannot be changed. All other orders are treated as nmrs.

#63--UNSTABLE DOTS. All land-locked non-supply-centers become a home supply center for the country whose unit is in that space (or for the country which encloses that space if vacant). Iceland becomes a supply center for Camelot, Ireland for Eire. These spaces make the board unstable, causing one supply center each season to become a non-supply-center space. The gm chooses which SC loses its status at random, and also randomly removes one unit from the board at the same time. Any other deviant rule which may also result in the random removal or units is repealed and replaced by this rule. Any proposal which receives five or more votes, but does not pass, is automatically reproposed for the following season.

#64--TRUE DEMOCRACY. Any Perelandra reader may, at his discretion, submit an order for one unit in this game, regardless of country. This order overrides the original player's order. In the case of more than one non-player order for a unit, they cancel each other out and the player's order is used.

Press:

Germany to P'Land: A page and a half of press and not one hello, goodbye, or "kiss my ass"... I'm ignoble...

King Roach to Tsar Blau: Got your misplaced missive, hope I guessed right. Relax, hey? We both have the death of the English tyrant at heart.

Gael to Players: So, you've dragged me kicking and screaming into this stupid game...now what? I think you all need morality checks. Pete, would you be kind enough to get my clipboard...

Camelot to Game: Poetry? You want poetry? I'll give you poetry! "Roses are red / Violets are blue / I'll pay you back you disgusting scumbags / if it's the last thing I do!"

Eire to Camelot: Give me a break, you old sot.

Eire to GM: You got to love this; tell me you don't!

GM to Eire: Trust me, this is the best thing to happen to this game.

Boob to Proposers: Go ahead, puncture me, see if I care!

King Roach to King Bob: Cavaliers and Roundheads? Normans and Anglo-Saxons? Bonnie and Clyde? Heckle and Jeckle?

Perelandra

Rome to Board: I'm sorry, but it's late, I am deathly sick with the flu (have been for four days) yet somehow I have to drag my butt out of bed tomorrow morning to go to work because...well. you don't really care, do you? The point is... uh...gimme a minute, I'll remember...oh, yeah. the point is that I'm tired, I'm cranky, I don't feel good, and frankly, I don't feel particularly witty or funny. Therefore, this is all the press you're gonna get this season. Tough patootie.

Eire to Olsen: King ULCA of Camelot? Another pre-Arthurian legend, lost no doubt in the Mists of Avalon.

ULCA to Roach: Get off my back you twit. It was a typo; I know perfectly well how to spell UV:S!

Olsen to Glome Nasties: You guys could have taught Drysdale a thing or three...

Boob to Dodger Fan: I saw Fernando stink up Dodger Stadium against the Cubs last summer. He ain't never comin' back! And stop slamming Sludge!!

Southern Californian to Boob: Me? Slam Sludge? Why, weren't we, just lastish, accused of being two of a kind?

Southern California Bubble-Brained Party Boy #1 to Southern California Bubble-Brained Party Boy #2: Lezgozabeach!

Boobler to Niggler: Are you sure you really want to be here? Help me get "Who Shot J.R.?" passed. We need to get something passed that will end this thing. Failing that, we have to get them to kick us out.

Eire to Camelot: I can see it now...King Iron Fist and the Knights of the Round Cardtable. Death to the Usurper! Down with the treasonous House of Olsen! Up EIRE!!! Long live the Irish Republic!

Wichita to Lancastershire: "Fear not for the Republic, my friend, the Democrats are alive and controlling the United States Congress..." You're saying, then, that it's all over, or what?

PERCENTAGE OF WORLD'S PROPERTY OWNED BY WOMEN: 1

Opinions and Editorials and Letters

We have, this month, quite a collection of stuff. Let's start with Lance Anderson's comments: (from a letter of 26 January) §

Seeking to avoid risks in every sphere of life has had a corrosive effect on our national morale In the January 23 edition of The New Republic, Henry Fairlie points out just how ill-equipped we have become to take responsibility for our own behavior.

We are, he argues, both terrified of risk and determined that someone--usually a corporation with deep pockets--should pay us money even for life's unavoidable accidents. A woman in New York sued the state after she was hit by a Frisbee while relaxing on the beach. Her $1 million damage claim asserted that the Frisbee was a "dangerous instrument" that ought to have been banned from the beach.

Confirmed smokers are suing cigarette makers when they contract cancer. A thief has even had the nerve to sue a shop owner after falling through the roof in a robbery attempt.

Absurd lawsuits have consequences that go beyond the immediate defendant. The explosion of tort liability cases is straitjacketing American enterprise and the overtaxed justice system. New products are being pulled from the shelves as well as withheld, including beneficial medicines, all for fear of liability claims.

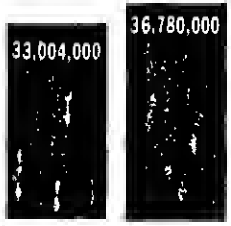
We seem to have lost the recognition that great enterprises entail great risks. There is a limit to the number of life preservers you can carry when you are reaching for the stars.

[[Pete here--my comments in Regency type, like this. I don't expect we'll find anyone who disagrees with Lance's description of the situation, but there are two other aspects to the problem how serious is this? (Fairlie seemed to think it was the end of civilization) and who is to blame or responsible to do something about it? Legislation restricting torts, anyone?]]

THE REAGAN ECONOMY AT A GLANCE

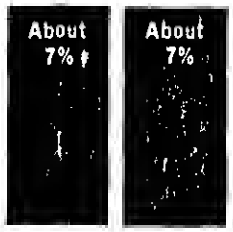
Median family income
1987 dollars

Families with two or more wage earners

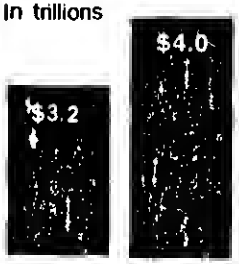


Average weekly earnings
1977 dollars, adjusted for inflation

Unemployment
NOTE: Unemployment hit 12 percent during the 1982 recession.

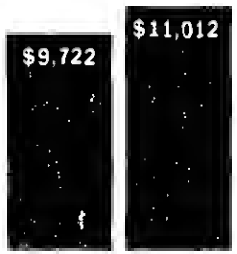


Gross National Product
1982 dollars
In trillions

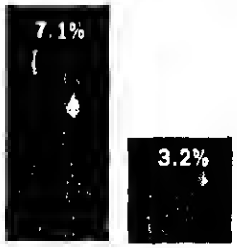


Disposable personal income
1982 dollars
In billions

Per capita disposable income
1982 dollars



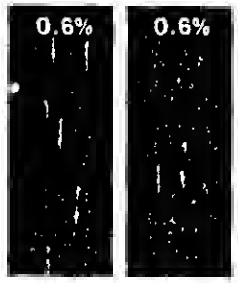
Savings as percent of disposable income



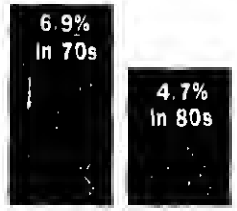
Consumer installment credit
Outstanding at end of period. In millions

Corporate debt
In trillions

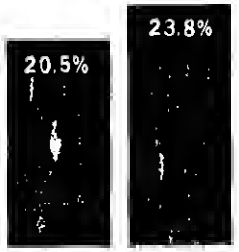
Productivity growth



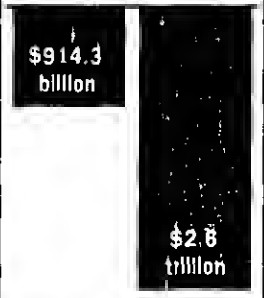
Net private domestic investment percent of GNP



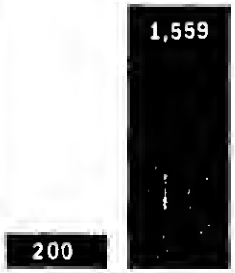
Government spending as percent of GNP



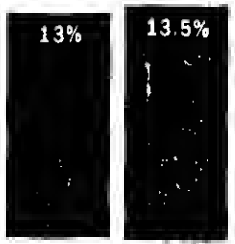
Federal debt



Banks on problem list



Population in poverty
In percent



Foreign trade balance
In billions

Bank failures

	Banks		S&Ls*
	U.S.	Texas	U.S.
'83	48	3	85
'84	79	6	44
'85	120	12	81
'86	138	26	100
'87	184	50	99
'88	189	108	215

*NOTE: The numbers on S&Ls include those that went out of business, were merged, placed under government management or otherwise reorganized as of Dec. 29.

Dallas Times Herald

Heartland

Perelandra

[[You are already aware of my devotion to environmentalism. That doesn't mean I know everything; last month I named the new head of EPA as Williams Rogers. No, no, no...that should have been William Reilly.]]

Gary Behnen (21 January 1989) §

On George Bush and William Reilly: Bush is a sportsman and an avid bass fisherman. Indeed, many sporting groups, such as B.A.S.S. (Bass Anglers Sportsmen Society) endorsed Bush and we all feel strongly about the environment and our resources. I think Bush will "surprise" many American who've seen him painted from Wimp to Reagan Lackey to Mean-Spirited Candidate. As VP Quayle point out, if credentials and experience were all that counted, why did Dukakis even attempt to run against Bush?

[[I knew that Bush was a sportsman--and I knew that many sportsmen, even very conservative ones are diehard conservationists. But Bush surprised me for two reasons. He had a track record of making the "safe-bet" appointment and Reilly is not a safe bet; and he gave every indication of being soft on big business, the single largest source of environmental damage. (In fact, Bush's budget makes it clear that he wants business to prosper at the expense of the proletariat.) Hey, I'm in the Sierra Club, I know all about BASS and others standing with us to save wilderness, etc. The fact that Bush hunts and fishes was, AND STILL IS, no guarantee that our ecology is safe.]]

[[A couple of "did you know?"s while we're on the environment: Texas ranks 50th in the U.S. in money spent on environmental work per capita, and 49th in percentage of state budget spent on environmental efforts: ½ of 1%. And producing one ton of paper from recycled waste paper uses half the energy, half the water, results in 74% less air pollution and 35% less water pollution, saves 17 pulp trees, and saves landfill space, compared to producing a ton of paper from virgin pulp wood.]]

Mark Lew (way back about Thanksgiving) §

I'm familiar with the Sigurd story [[Perelandra #65, November 1988]] from Wagner's Die Götterdämmerung, but I've heard that Wagner deviates from the original story quite a bit. It'll be interesting to compare the two. I usually don't read the front-page story but I will this time.

[[Lin Carter's Tolkien: A Look Behind The Lord of the Rings is not only an excellent source on The Good Professor, but also on epic (from Gilgamesh to modern times) and on Tolkien's sources. Mr. Carter says:

> *The Elder Edda is the original source, the fountainhead, of Norse mythology. Every Norse myth in modern literature, in every version or form, from L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt's Harold Shea story, "The Roaring Trumpet" in The Incomplete Enchanter all the way to Richard Wagner's Ring cycle of operas, springs from this one work.*

[[The Elder Edda is "Volume I" or the "Old Testament" of Norse myth, which was written down for the first time in Iceland about 1250 A.D., after two millenia or more of oral tradition. The version I published in issue #65 was from a prose retelling within a century of the Edda (Sigurth becomes Sigurd, who becomes Siegfried in the Germanic tales). When Wagner wrote his operas, he had to rewrite over 600 years' worth of variations to resolve who stole what from whom, but he kep the major elements and themes such as Sigurd/Siegfried killing a dragon named Fafner or Fafnir.]]

[[Now, how many people remember that a couple months ago I asked about trying out game notation or some kind of "Player of the Month" award?...]]

Eric Brosius (5 December 1988) §

I'd like to see notation such as ! and ? (or the ever-popular !? and ?! for annotators who like to hedge their bets). You could add to the coverage such comments as "Wrong Fleet," following the "Wrong Rook" comment common in the chess world. This would be a distinctive feature and quite enjoyable. A caution: if the GM does this, he or she may inadvertantly reveal knowledge which some players do not know. If time permits, it would be nice to use a guest annotator, who would be as much in the dark as everyone else.

Perelandra

Kathy Caruso (27 November 1988) §

With some of the orders I get, maybe I should try marking them as excellent or poor. ...

I like your idea of "Player of the Month," but that might be real hard to select. I mean, some of my players write excellent orders each and every time. How do you choose them?

Also, maybe you could help me: I have one player who insists on putting four or five games on one sheet of paper--front & back. How do you get it through this guy's thick head that it causes me headaches?!

[[Well, maybe he'll see this column. However, I haven't yet had the guts to nmr somebody for sending orders that are hard to file. Sure, there's a chance that I'll lose someone's orders if they're together with a letter or another game (I frequently lose Literary Quiz entries because they're not on a separate piece of paper), but some players won't ever go to any more trouble than they already do.

[[I didn't hear any protest other than general warnings that I shouldn't reveal any player's plans--don't worry, I intend to use common sense--so starting with next issue I'll insert ! or ? for exceptionally good or puzzling orders. My criteria will be similar to chess notation: is the order extremely surprising? (If it is, it probably merits one or the other symbol.) Is it a widely accepted strategy? And, departing somewhat from most chess commentary, is it successful?

[[If notation had been in effect thish, you would have seen "A Hollin-Rhudaur?" in Lakkdarol, "f ion-apu?" in Zemba, and maybe "f kie beams to lon!?" in Glome. (The combination expresses something like 'Great move but what did he have in mind?')

[[Since most of what's happening in our household is work, let's see what's going on in others' lives on that track:]]

Greg Ellis (16 December 1988) §

Things are up and down here. Casey has been sick. Polly has been sick. I missed a final because of all of this, and my seminar papers are late.

On the good side, I have a job. I will be legal counsel (after I pass the bar) and legislative aide to state senator Bill Ratliff. He's a rookie, and I expect him to do a good job. He is a Republican [[we knew that]] but not an ideologue.

Everything combined looks like a longer delay for FF, so I am going to rehouse the games. Marc Peters and Garrett Schenck have offered to take a couple of the games. Would you like one? Who is the new orphans custodian?

[[Greg, I would just as soon see 86AR abandoned. Evans has dropped out of the hobby and Lin, so far as I know, has no other connection with it, so why bother? Besides, Rod is trying to find a new USOS director and has had no success getting Bob Olsen to capitulate to his demands so far.]]

Don Williams (27 November 1988) §

...I left the City of Palmdale...and began working for the (new) City of Santa Clarita. Santa Clarita incorporated in December of 1987 in response to uncontrolled growth which was being allowed under LA County. A city council that wants growth slowed and "quality" development?! A planner's wet dream. To give you a sense of place, Santa Clarita takes in portions of Valencia, Newhall, Canyon Country, and bits of a few other areas like Val Verde and Castaic. It's nudged between I-5 and I-14, and immediately east of Magic Mountain. (In fact, one of my first assignments will probably be to annex MM for its [not inconsiderable] tax base.)

J.R. Baker (Christmas-time? 1988) §

We're trying to start up a $25M medical/chemical plant that I've been working on for the past year and yours truly is responsible for the safety controls. There's some nasty shit involved in making the latest and greatest good stuff.

The year has been good to us. I got a fat raise. Jeanne is starting a new job as a director/manager for the Girl Scout Council (but has to give up her volunteer position). Everyone is health and busy. The boys (Robby and B.J.) are involved in Cub Scouts (I'm a Den mother) and soccer...

and Kellie is in Girl Scouts and band (trumpet). We even have one free night each week (Friday). Soccer season is coming to a close (two inches of snow last Saturday) and I'll soon have Saturdays and Sundays free.

[[You see, folks, they may sit in the file for a loooong time, but eventually they all see the light of print. The point of this little exercise is merely to pass 'em around--and to show that amidst all the politics and philosophy is the real world, too.

[[Speaking of real world, Bob Olsen has been looking for a new position for several months now, and we still have no word on who will assume to mantle of Pudgecon leadership when he moves. How about it, Iron Fist? Does Behnen (baby and non-Dip wife notwithstanding) become the new Kansas Wonder? Or is Vince Lutterbie sufficiently aggressive to wrest the title from him, despite his geographical disadvantage? Inquiring minds want to know...]]

[[A couple of zine-procedural matters to clear up and then I'll get out of the way. I've changed my mind on the price increase, and anyone who sent sub checks should see them calculated at the old rate of $1 per issue--if I've miscalculated let me know.

[[Please note the local game available--that's essentially open to anyone within two days' mail delivery. And the Titan game is up in the air, as I just don't seem able to get interest in it. Would more people sign up for a regular game? An anonymous game (which would be a bit more expensive due to double postage as every battle mailing goes through me)?]]

[[Back in issue #64 I published an excerpt from "The Judge's Wife" by Isabel Allende (translated by Nick Caistor). In it, the town's one judge, Judge Hidalgo, marries a woman less than half his age, Casilda. The Judge is made more lenient and less stubborn by the match, but still pursues the area's worst outlaw, Nicolas Vidal, relentlessly. In desperation, the Judge orders Vidal's mother caged in the town square without food or water--but Vidal outwaits him, refusing to take the bait of the Judge's trap, and Juana is released.]]

'Didn't I tell you he wouldn't have the balls?' laughed Nicolas Vidal when the news reached him.

His laughter turned sour the next day, when he heard that Juana the Forlorn had hanged herself from the chandelier in the brothel where she had spent her life, overwhelmed by the shame of her only son leaving her to fester in a cage in the middle of the Plaza de Armas.

'That Judge's hour has come,' said Vidal.

He planned to take the judge by surprise, put him to a horrible death, then dump him in the accursed cage for all to see. The Turkish storekeeper sent him word that the Hidalgo family had left that same night for a seaside resort to rid themselves of the bitter taste of defeat.

The Judge learned he was being pursued when he stopped to rest at a wayside inn. There was litt protection for him there until an army patrol could arrive, but he had a few hours' start, and his motor car could outrun the gang's horses. He calculated he could make it to the next town and summon help there. He ordered his wife and children into the car, put his foot down on the accelerator and sped off along the road. He ought to have arrived with time to spare, but it had been ordained that Nicolas Vidal was that day to meet the woman who would lead him to his doom.

Overburdened by the sleepless nights, the townspeople's hostility, the blow to his pride and the stress of this race to save his family, Judge Hidalgo's heart gave a massive jolt, then split like a pomegranate. The car ran out of control, turned several somersaults, and finally came to a halt in the ditch. It took Doña Casilda some minutes to work out what had happened. Her husband's advancing years had often led her to think about what it would be like to be left a widow, yet she had never imagined he would leave her at the mercy of her enemies. She wasted little time dwelling on her situation, knowing she must act at once to get her children to safety. When she gazed around her, she almost burst into tears. There was no sign of life in the vast plain baked by a scorching sun, only barren cliffs beneath an unbounded sky bleached colourless by the fierce light. A second look revealed the dark shadow of a passage or cave on a distant slope, so she ran towards it with two children in her arms and the third clutching her skirts.

One by one she carried her children up the cliff. ... 'The troops will come to find you a few hours from now. Until then, don't for any reason whatsoever come out of here, even if you hear me screaming--do you understand?'

...

GAME OPENINGS

All gamefees include whatever rules and maps I have on hand for that game. We are always looking for new, different games to offer! Subscriptions are required in addition to any gamefee.

Diplomacy, "Planet Blue" (American system): fee $5. Signed up and paid are Marc Hanna, Stephen Carter, Melinda Holley, George Rifle, and James Esely. Possibles include Lance Anderson. This will be the last regular Dip gamestart for 1989.
Diplomacy, "Rylos" (British system of "prophetic" retreats): fee $5. Melinda Holley paid; John Crosby, Tom Nash, and Lance Anderson signed up.
Diplomacy, "Freibur" (Texas area only on 3-week deadlines): $5--Guy Hail is signed up.
Snowball Fighting, "Caradhras": free, with four players ready to go (can take as many as eight).
Snowball Fighting, "Belgarion" (gunboat S.F.) (thank you, Tom Hurst, for suggesting the name): free and four signed up.
Cosmic Diplomacy, "Farpoint": costs $5. This is Dip but each player has a cosmic power.
Deviant Diplomacy, "Zelpst": also costs $5. Tom Nash is, so far, the only bold taker. Deviant is the madhouse you see in Glome, where the rules change each turn.
Variant Titan, "Giffard": gamefee $10. Paid are Jason Bergmann, Steven Lawty, and Ed Wrobel. See note in the letter column, please.
British Rails, "Gramarye": gamestart inside.

STANOBYS

(all for dip or gunboat unless noted) Lance Anderson, J.R. Baker, Gary Behnen, Jason Bergmann (dev), Eric Brosius (dev), Kathy Caruso, John Crosby, Jim Diehl, Steve Emmert, Tom Hurst, Craig Mills, Tom Nash (dev), Tim Stark.

Perelandra

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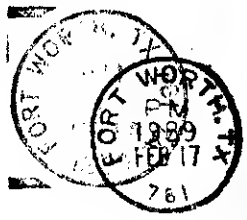

Larry Peery
PO Box 8416
San Diego, CA
92102-0416

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Deadline for all games other than Quwhon is 15 March 1989.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION ENDS WITH... _____

☐ ——— THIS IS A FREE ISSUE

**May the Road rise up to meet you;
may the wind be ever at your back;
and may the Lord hold you in the hollow of His hand.**